

Tea and Biscuits, With a Side of Drama by Tooti_Fruity

Series: [fate brought us together, in this concrete jungle \[1\]](#)

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Abusive Sonia Kaspbrak, Canon Typical Sexuality, Canon Typical Swearing, Explicit Language, Homophobia, M/M, Not Canon Compliant, Period-Typical Homophobia, Rated T for Trashmouth, Sonia Kaspbrak's A+ Parenting, and back on my bullshit, and its part of a series because i have no self control, here we go again lads, im back on the wagon, the working title for this fic was 'sonia sucks'

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, OCs, Richie Tozier, Sonia Kaspbrak

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Sonia Kaspbrak, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-12-01

Updated: 2019-12-01

Packaged: 2019-12-19 02:02:08

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,053

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Sonia had never intended to hurt Eddie; he was such a good boy, after all. That's why she moved them to New York, so that he would be away from his nasty friends, and that nasty Tozier boy.

It's unfortunate that her 'good boy' remembered his past, then.

Or, Eddie Kaspbrak reconnects with Richie Tozier in the summer of 1997, and it all goes downhill from there for Sonia.

Tea and Biscuits, With a Side of Drama

Author's Note:

- For [minkit](#).

This takes place in the continuity of the story "Good Mother, Sonia Kaspbrak" by minkit. You don't HAVE to read their fic to get what happens here, but I HIGHLY recommend you do, because it's awesome! I just couldn't help writing my own spin on what might happen if Eddie and Richie found each other years after Eddie moved and Eddie remembered all the fucked up things Sonia did to him and Richie.

Also, Eddie is of Polish descent, and the Losers all find each other again because it's my city now. No Pennywise yet because he's ugly.

It's September, when it happens.

Sonia Kaspbrak (née Nowak) is almost finished gathering the empty saucers and plates from her afternoon tea, chatting up a storm with Iris Anderson, when the front door opens, then slams.

Her Eddie comes barreling through, looking like a man on a mission. She nearly sighs, fond of him, but exasperated; even despite his mild manner, sometimes he can really get on a roll, ripping through the underbrush like a hurricane.

He comes to a stop just short of the coffee table in front of the overstuffed sofa she occupies; Iris is sitting in the adjacent chair, and she suddenly seems wary, though Sonia has no idea why she would be.

"Ma, we need to talk," he says. Sonia presses a hand to her chest and scoffs.

"Eddie-bear, you're interrupting us," she lightly scolds him. "You'll need to give us a moment," She glances at Iris and giggles. "Boys,

they can be so rude,” she stage whispers. Iris laughs.

“That’s exactly right, Sonia,” she agrees. “Eddie, you’re looking well, as always. How’s class at the community?” she titters. He sighs.

Eddie looks supremely uncomfortable.

“Mom, I really need to talk to you *now*. It’s urgent, and I don’t think you’ll want to have this conversation in front of your friends,” he pleads. She bores hole in him with her eyes and smiles hard.

“Eddie-bear, anything that you need to say can wait, or it can be said in polite company. Now, I’m not sending Iris home early, so you can either choose to be patient, or if it’s acceptable to be said now, tell me now,” she insists, sickly sweet.

Something inside him seems to snap, and once it does, the floodgates are wide open. He regards her coolly, before asking in a low voice,

“Do you remember a place called Derry, Ma? In Maine? Just about an hour from Bangor?” he asks. She racks her brain briefly, before a few memories resurface.

“Oh, yes! It’s where we lived for a while-”

“Since I was born. Until you uprooted us when I was sixteen,” he clips. She glares at him sourly.

“It’s impolite to cut people off. Especially adults, Eddie. Now, I’m not going to stand for this kind of disrespect in my own house and-” she says.

“I’m an adult!” he cries, affronted. “I’m nearly twenty one!”

“-and you need to mind your manners, like a grown up would. Eddie, stop embarrassing me, and yourself, in front of Mrs. Anderson right this instant!” she commands. He glares at her.

Sonia expects him to back down; he always was such a good boy, docile and sweet, always taking his medicine without complaint and getting home before his curfew at ten sharp. Ever since he was...well, as long as she can remember, at least, since they got to New York,

she can recall him being perfectly obedient.

He manages to surprise her.

“I don’t give a shit what’s ‘impolite’, Mom,” he snaps. “For once in my life, you’re gonna let me talk. *Really* talk. And let me say what I mean,”

She gapes at him, but before she can reprimand him, Iris’ normally honey-sweet voice, now low and frightened, cuts in.

“I think it’s time for me to go-” she begins, but Eddie turns to her, eyes wild and gaze sharp.

“No, please stay, Mrs. Anderson. Someone needs to know the truth about what *she*,” He points to Sonia at this point. “Did to me,”

Iris looks scandalized, but Sonia knows that she won’t leave; her curiosity will inevitably outweigh the horrible awkwardness of the situation.

Eddie continues.

“As I was saying, we lived there ever since I was born,” he says. “When I was sixteen, you made us move to New York. I couldn’t remember why there were gaps in my memory, why I couldn’t remember so much of my own fucking childhood, but it all came rushing back to me last month,”

She glares at him.

“And why is that?” she asks. He laughs manically.

“Stop me if any of these names ring a bell, okay?” He ticks them off on his fingers. “Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough...Ben Hasncom. Mike Hanlon. Stanley Uris,” His eyes are shining with something she can’t describe when he drops his hand and says, “*Richie Tozier*,”

Her eyes go wide; it all comes flooding back in massive waves.

Eddie, five and fresh off the playground, asking why he can’t hold hands with that awful Tozier boy. Eddie, eight and swearing up a

storm, much to his that same dirty boy's amusement. Eddie, thirteen and his arm broken, set wrong by that horrible boy. Eddie, thirteen again and screaming at her about his medications after he gets that terrible, fateful phone call from his nasty little friends.

Eddie, sixteen and pinned down by Richie Tozier, kissing him on his newly washed sheets, rock music blaring and lights turned way down low.

Her face twists with disgust.

"I can't believe you would bring up that horrible boy in our house! I moved us to protect you from his influence-" she hisses. This only serves to infuriate Eddie more.

"What influence, Ma? You mean the way that he pushed me against the wall and stuck his tongue down my throat every time you left us alone?" he spits.

Iris looks as though she might faint; Sonia can't blame her, because she feels like she might herself.

"Do. Not. Say those *vile* things in my house ever again!" she snarls, leaving no room for argument. Eddie laughs, and she vaguely takes notice of how red his face has gone.

"Why? It's the truth! You took me away from the *only* people who ever really loved me the right way. You moved us so that you could isolate and abuse me-"

Her voice cut in, a raw scream.

"I moved us to protect you!"

"Bullshit! You moved us to control me, because you were threatened by the fact that my friends loved me more than you ever could," he fires back. She tries a different approach now, her eyes welling up with tears.

"How could you do this to me, Eddie? Why would you say such awful things to your own mother?" she wails. But when she wagers a glance at her son, his eyes hold no pity for her current state. He shakes his

head in disgust.

“You can’t pretend to cry every time you don’t get what you want, Ma,” he says coldly. He regards her for a moment, silent, before saying,

“You fed me lies and sugar pills; you gave me a fake inhaler and told me I had asthma. You called me vulnerable and delicate and a slew of other bullshit, when I fought a killer clown! It puked on me, and I still beat Its ass!” he screams.

Her eyes nearly bug out of her head, and her chest wells up with relief. Clearly, her son is delirious, and she glances at an equally confused Iris.

“Honey, I think you need to sit down and drink some water,” she coos. “I’ll call Dr. Michaels, and if he’s not in, I’ll take you to the emergency room. I knew you shouldn’t have started going to that nasty little comedy club, you must of caught something; but you never listen to your mother,”

He shakes his head, pacing like a caged animal, feral and unyielding.

“There you go again! When are you gonna get it through your thick fucking skull that I’m not fucking sick!” he screams. “I never was! I’ve always been in perfect health, you just convinced me that I’m not so that you could suffocate me,”

He stops, dead in his tracks, and seems to gather himself; they’re reached the eye of the hurricane. He calmly tells her,

“I don’t have time for your mind games anymore, Mom. I’m leaving. I only came back to get the last of my things and tell you this: I found Richie last month at The Laughing Lady, he was doing stand up. I remember every single solitary thing about the first sixteen years of my life, the best of my friends, and the worst of you. I’ve made my decision, and I pray you’ll respect it,”

He meets her eyes.

“I am *done* living under your thumb. I love Richie, and right now, we’re in the process of reaching out to our other friends. I’m moving

in with him, today, right now, and we packed up the last of my things last night. The two of us are gonna stay together, because even in this crazy, fucked up hellscape of an Earth, we found each other. Because we're meant to be together, all that cosmic bullshit. I'm going to stay with him, and even if things crash and burn, I'm going to stick to my guns, which is this; I never. *Never* want to see you again. I'm never going to reach out; I'm never going to call. It'll be like I was never here," he explains, coldly. "I want you out of my life. And one day, me and Richie might get married, because that's something that will happen in our lifetime. And if we have kids, they're never gonna know their Babcia, because I refuse to expose my kids to poison like you,"

He spits the last part at her, a mockery, and his voice drops low.

"And if you *ever* say a thing about the people I love ever again, I will make you fucking regret it,"

He turns on his heel and stomps up the stairs, presumably to gather his things. The eye of the hurricane.

She opens her mouth, ready to release a torrent of emotion to a shell shocked Iris, when she spies a figure standing in the open doorway; he must of opened it in the time since the ugly argument that had just unfolded, all brown-black curls messy, dirty converse laced up and falling apart, ripped jeans and oversized leather jacket and faded band tee shirt.

Eyes blue and blazing. A smile in her direction that looks more like he's baring his teeth.

"Mrs. K! It's so good to see you again," Richie Tozier chirps, faux pleasant. "As much as I miss our torrid affair, spending every night with you buried within your massive folds, I regret to inform you that I'll be shacking up with a different Kaspbrak now,"

Her eyes go wide as he cackles, and she snarls her response at the same time he speaks.

"You little—"

“As much as it saddens me to say goodbye-”

“How dare you corrupt him-”

“I can’t bear to be apart from your amazing, beautiful, chuckalicious hunk of a son-”

“I’ll have your head-”

“Oh, someone already has my head, every night, believe me, Mrs. K-”

If steam could come out of her ears, like some cartoon, it definitely would be happening now. Their battle of wits is abruptly cut short, however, when Eddie’s voice cuts through the argument. Apparently, he made it down the stairs without making a sound, duffle bag in hand, and he glares at Richie, his expression sour.

“I told you to wait in the car, dipshit,” he snaps. Richie laughs, soft and fond, before replying.

“I know. But I couldn’t bear to part with the legendary lady herself. She was my first love, after all,” he coos, leering. This seems to have the desired affect on Eddie, who scowls and turns redder in the face than he was before.

“C’mon, Rich, let’s get out of here,” he mutters. They reach the door, before she calls out,

“Edward Kaspbrak, if you leave now, I will never speak to you again!” she howls. “You can never come home, even when this filthy faggot dumps you!”

He turns around slowly, eyes cold as Richie opens his mouth, livid. Eddie punches his shoulder, hissing,

“Shut up, fuckwad,”

He looks her dead in the face; Sonia Kaspbrak, who gave life to him, who raised him, who loves him more than anything in this cruel world and her even crueler son.

“See you never, Mom,” he says, with finality; the hurricane has

passed, leaving only destruction in its wake.

He slams the door behind him.

Her heart, residing in the space between the hinges, shatters with it.

Author's Note:

now wasn't that cathartic; sonia is a sloppy bitch and deserved everything she got lmao

okay but if you can catch the bojack horseman references, i'll love you forever, pls and thanks